

# Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 23.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1893.

TWICE A WEEK AT \$2 A YEAR.



## Our Opening

SATURDAY,

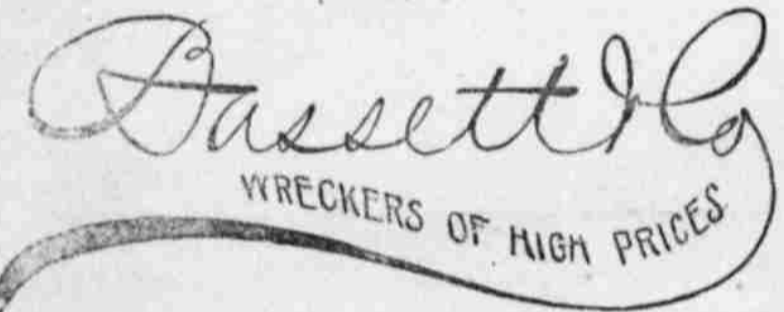
The Greatest Event in Hopkinsville's commercial history.

Crowds of delighted people constantly thronged our store in ecstasies over the HANDSOMEST



## STOCK IN AMERICA.

And the beautiful decorative design of the WORLD'S FAIR. Admiration manifested itself in a substantial way, for notwithstanding there was no importation to buy, many lovely Dress Patterns disappeared from our shelves to delight the wearers, and became the admiration of all beholders. We are very proud of our present stock because in quality and assortment every lady will find it gives the widest range for satisfactory selections—and our prices favor the buyer in the most generous manner. Remember we sell Dress Goods that are full of honest quality at prices wonderfully low. See our attractions before buying and you will be money ahead.



## NEW GOODS In Every Department.

We have never had such a large stock.

Prices are always the lowest.

Stock of

Tinware and Granite Iron

is complete.

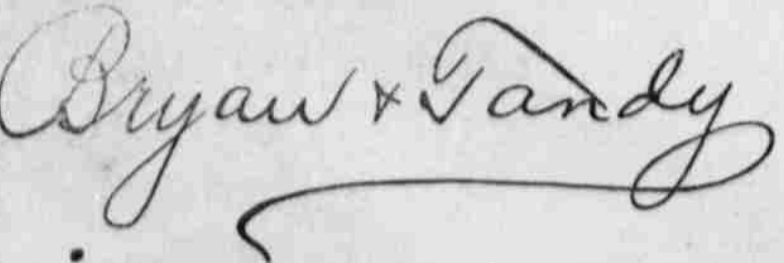
3 patterns of decorated English Porcelain. Make sets to suit trade in price and quantity.

HAVILAND & CO.

White French China.

EXQUISITE SHAPE.

Next week we offer Big Job Lot of decorated plates.



## IN THE LEAD!

Always on the look-out for the interest of our customers, we have taken ANOTHER STEP FORWARD. Our plan is to give the First Monday in Every Month of this Year exclusively to our customers, by giving them wholesale prices on special lines each month. To Start This Off Monday, April 3rd, Every set of BUGGY HARNESS in our house will be marked down 20 to 45 per cent. to our "County Court" prices. These are not old and shabby but new, clean goods. Watch for the special "County Court" sale each month, and remember we will do just what we say.

### BREAD.

Beautiful loaves of bread,  
Crispy and golden brown,  
Whose wholesome fragrance maketh glad  
The heart of king or clown:  
Outside, the hue of the wheat,  
As it bristled in the sun of June,  
Or lay in heaps of yellow bronze,  
In the light of the harvest moon:  
And inside, sweet as the scent  
Of evening winds of corn,  
From the millstone in the valley-mist  
And light as the spray of the valley-mist  
That floats in the wake of the morn.

In homes of wealth and ease,  
The bread is richly spread,  
The poor man's wife, in calico frock,  
Cheerily works away;  
And in the humble home—  
The cottage small and gray,  
The poor man's wife, in calico frock,  
Cheerily works away;

Her eyes are clear with health,  
Her dimpled cheeks are red,  
And she sings a tender old-time song.  
As she kneads her sweet brown bread.

Honest and wholesome bread—  
This is our need each day,  
From the millstone in the mansion grand,  
To the beggar beside the way.  
The daily physical want  
Of nations from pole to pole,  
An honest type of the heavenly bread  
That feedeth the hungry soul.

And so we comprehend  
When our daily prayer is said,  
How great the gift we ask of God,  
When we ask for our daily bread!  
—Hattie Whitney, in Good Housekeeping.

### A LONE OLD WOMAN.

It Was Her Old Country Home That She Wished For.

Mrs. Allen was ready for bed. She put up her hand to turn out the gas, and drew it away again and stood looking down.

"I'm getting so I don't say my prayers no more, wonder what I'm coming to!"

Her small face, framed in by her lace-edged nightcap, was wrinkled and old, but there was a childlike smile about her small mouth and her clear blue eyes.

"I don't know what Thomas would say. I suppose he sees me faltering here now, with my heart all set against God and rebellion."

She turned out the gas, and went and stood by the window, looking out. She could see the people passing back and forth in the street below. An electric car sped by with a queer buzzing noise. Across the street were the well-fronted houses of the city, their small squares of grass in front looking like green in the artificial light.

"There's another electric car coming. It sounds for all the world like a thrashing machine. I can see the stacks, and the men on 'em, and the horses pitching and rearing between the house and the mill—"

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The peace of unconsciousness again fell around her, and the loneliness and homesickness that she felt so keenly amid all this care were forgotten. Her happiness had always been in ministering to others.

With the first light of morning she woke again. Somewhere a rooster was crowing, with its vigorous and hearty cheer as ever a barn-yard fowl broke into the dawn.

She listened, but there was no answering call; just that one repeated over and over again.

"Well, I never heard the like! Seems as if he was just put there to wake me up to think what I want to get away from. I don't see how he has any heart to rooster all this hollowness."

The deep gray dawn around her old home, heavy with dew, and the early morning music of the farm, came so clear to her. Thoughts of the forty years of her married life, the joys and sorrows she had lived through with Thomas crowded again into her mind.

After long hours, when she heard the servants stirring about the house, she got up and dressed, and went out into the hall and down the stairs. The great rooms below seemed more empty and desolate than her own. She felt no part or place anywhere in them. Her stooped little figure, reflected in the long mirrors, looked dwarfed and unnatural to her. She straightened the lavender bows on her cap before one of them, and went and sat down at a window in the back of the room.

The early morning hours until now had always been so full of duties. There had been the breakfast to get for Thomas; and before her two daughters had married and gone away she had had her thought and care for them; and there had been the chickens to feed and the milk to skim.

She folded her hands and looked out of the window. There was a small yard, high walled, with two trees, and worn grass growing around the edges. A box with staves nailed across the front stood under one of the trees, and thrusting his head between the staves was the rooster who had disturbed her rest.

"If I could get down to you I'd let you out, you poor creature," she said, aloud.

"Well, you'd have Billie Moore after you if you did, grandma." One of her grandsons had come into the room.

"What's the sense in his setting that rooster up that way? He couldn't get away if he wanted to, over those brick walls."

"I don't know. Billie only got me up at daylight. The old thing woke me up at daylight."

"He woke me up, too," she said, with a weary sigh.

"Breakfast's ready; they're all at the table. Mamma sent me to look for you."

"I didn't suppose it was so late." She looked out into the large dining-room, where the others were waiting. A servant was bringing in the breakfast. This was always a happy meal in this happy family. Mamma and her sons and daughters sat around the table and talked of the day's events and the three boys kept up a steady little stream of conversation.

They were all very kind and thoughtful of her, and she had been full of her feelings of separation and loneliness. She tried to believe that she was beginning to find her place in this home which was her own.

After breakfast she wandered restlessly about the house for some time, and at last put on her bonnet and shawl, and said she was going out for a little walk.

Mamma offered to go with her, or send one of the boys.

"No, I want to go alone. I don't want to be dependent for every step I take. There don't seem to be any tasks for me to do in the house. I've got to get out and breathe or I'll choke."

"I wish you'd let me send Mary with you, anyway, mother. I'll worry all the time about you."

Mrs. Allen turned toward her daughter, the tears springing to her eyes.

"Well, Mamma, I ain't so helpless I need a nurse to trundle me around yet."

"Why, mother, I didn't mean you were, but you know, it isn't like going out into the country alone."

"No, it ain't," Mrs. Allen said, turning away.

She went on out of the front door, and down into the noisy street. There was a freedom in its strangeness that she had not found in the big house. She walked straight on into one of the main business streets of the city. It was only one of our small western cities, but it lost none of its importance to her in not being London.

The crowd jostling past had the bright activity and untiring interest of the morning. A stream of shoppers was already beginning to pour into the stores. The street was full of cars and carts and farm wagons.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

It makes me more homesick than ever to see you, and I believe you feel about the same."

People passing looked at the little old woman and smiled, and hurried on. It was only one of the queer sights one sees every day on the city streets.

Mr. Henning came across the sidewalk from the store door.

"Well, hello! Where did you drop from?" he shouted, in surprise. The utter unconsciousness of every one and everything else around him was on his broad heavy face. He shook her hand hard.

"Well, I'd as soon thought of finding a needle in a haystack as looking to meet you this way."

"I saw these horses, and I had to speak to them. They looked just like Thomas to me," she said, looking at him with glistering eyes.

"Well, I should think they would, long as you're behind them with him."

"How are all the folks out our way? Is there any news?"

"I suppose you know about our old place, don't you?"

"I know it's sold. I got the papers yesterday." She took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"Yes, but have you heard what great improvements he's going to make?"

"Not I ain't seen nobody from out there since the funeral till now."

"Why, he's going to move away the old house and build a big new one—biggest one anywhere around, they say."

She put out one of her hands as if to find support. "Going to move away the old house?"

"Yes, I suppose he'll use it to make a place considerable, won't it?"

"Yes, it will brighten up the old place considerable," she repeated after him. "Are you going out home now?"

"Yes, I'll be glad to take you, and Mrs. Henning will be glad to have you make us a visit, I know. I'll stop around for you on my way out, shall I?"

"Yes, I'll be glad to take you, and Mrs. Henning will be glad to have you make us a visit, I know. I'll stop around for you on my way out, shall I?"

"It was the middle of May, and the cherry-trees were in full bloom, and the apple buds were pink. Out into the spring sweetness, thrusting her poor old heart into the past, she went, much against Mamma's desire and her own better judgment."

It had been only a short time since, in the happiness of long contentment, she had driven over that same road with Thomas. And now she was going out to the old home for the last time.

Mr. Henning pointed off across a meadow, where a light twinkled brightly.

"I suppose you know where you are now?" he asked.

"That's your house, and here's ours. I want to stop. I want to get out and go in."

"Oh, I wouldn't stop here to-night. It's late, and you're tired. You wait till morning, and Mrs. Henning will come over with you."

"Kinnywinnies, is it?" says she to applicants for the rooms. "Sure, its hot an' cold wather at all hours of the day an' night agreeable to yer taste, an' set looks that would make a waterman of the quane of England by preference."

"Are the rooms comfortably warmed?" asks an inquirer.

"Are they wathered?" with a surprised air. "Sure, wid a slight turn o' yer wrist ye have anny degray o' temperature known to the thermometer."

"Hint the staircase—is that easy to go up?"

"Now, thin," says the eloquent agent, as if she were rendering the climax of all the wonderful advantages of the building, "the staircase is that easy that when ye're roid oppy would well believe that ye're comin' down!"

The intending tenant usually capitulates at this point.—Arkansas Traveler.

Familiar Quotations.

Some of the most familiar of "familiar quotations" are not, strictly speaking, quotations at all. I have just been reminded of this by a correspondent who wrote to me for information as to the source of the trite quotation: "Kept on the even tenor of his way," popularly ascribed to Gray. My correspondent having expressed his doubts whether Gray or anybody else ever wrote the words, I have had the matter looked up. The nearest that can be found to it appears to be the following extract from the nineteenth stanza of Gray's "Elegy":

"Along the road sequential vale of life  
They kept the solemn silence of their ways."  
Doubtless this is the correct reading. But how is it that orators, preachers, journalists and men in the street have so unanimously agreed to change "noiseless" for "even"?—London Truth.

The Irish Member's Parting Shot.

In the house of commons, one famous fighting night, a noted Irish member delivered a speech which had been delivered from the treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the government's representative were not altogether correct. He said, "I am sorry to find him to phrase the accusation rather strongly. 'Order!' said the speaker of the house, as he rose in all the majesty of full-bottomed wig and powdered hair. A Irish colleague did not wish the member to be 'unpended,' and he hinted so by tugging at his coat tails. The indignant yet good-natured honorable member recognized the command of his party and sat down, delivering this Parting shot:—

"Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe."—Argonaut.

WILL THEY BE HAPPY?

That's the question with all women and men. "Will they be happy?" is the question that is asked of every man and woman who is about to get married. "It would be delightful to see my heart upon things as do most girls of my age, to thoroughly enjoy them when I obtain them and cry about them when I lose them."

"I wish you could be persuaded to set your heart upon me," he said. "Because—because I love you."

"I do not believe you care for me at all," she answered, in a loud, impatient tone. "And yet, more thoughtfully, 'It may be you do for you are the only man who has discovered that I have no heart!'"

"I do, indeed," he persisted, "while you give me so securely a thought."

She regarded him for a moment with her cool, speculative gaze. He was blushing hotly.

"I am not so much complaisant. But love you—no, I do not."

"Could you not marry me, Lenore? Is there any other man whom you could love more?"

"There is no other man on earth with whom I wish to wed, and I do not think I could ever love you."

"I was afraid there might be some one else," he said, more hopefully.

"Have you ever observed upon my part a tendency to hang about the neck of any of my acquaintances?"

"No," he answered. "But, though it might be a bore to have a wife who expected a constant rain of pet names and kisses whatever might be the weather I would give the world to be sure you love me as fondly as I love you. His voice broke a little, and Lenore watched him in deep surprise. "I may seem a conceited fellow to say it, but I cannot help feeling I could compel your love, Lenore, if I take the risk, will you marry me?"

## Why Will You

Suffer with Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat and Consumption when the means for sure relief and speedy cure are right at your hand?

The latest researches of science prove conclusively that drugging the stomach will not cure these dread diseases, but rather aggravates them.

INHALATION IS THE ONLY

Correct way to treat them.

IN OVERMAN'S Specific Oxygen

Home Treatment.

We offer you a certain cure. Full particulars and the testimony of hundreds, many of whom you know may be had for the asking. Address or call on W. E. FOLKES, Agent.

THE SPECIFIC OXYGEN CO.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

A HOWLING SUCCESS.

FAIRBANK'S CLAIRETTE SOAP

OWES ITS REPUTATION AND SUCCESS TO ITS OWN MERITS.

IT IS PURE, UNADULTERATED AND FOR RAPID CLEANSING POWER HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS UNVALUABLE IN KITCHEN & LAUNDRY.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

N-K FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS.

Agents to handle the Dealers

JACK FROST FREEZER.

A Scientific Machine on a Scientific Principle. Save their cost a dozen times a year. It is not mussy or sloppy. A child can operate it. Sells at sight. Send for prices and discounts.

29 Murray Street, NEW YORK.

Make Ice Cream in 30 Seconds

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL

D. RITCHIEY, MANAGER. LOUISVILLE, KY.

## A TIMELY SUGGESTION!

Our proclamation and declaration of the overwhelmingly better and grander bargains than ever to be placed on sale this week. The great public trust us. The people's confidence shall not be misplaced.

Silks

We thought we had beautiful silks last season, our customers thought so too, and bought them, but when we look at the ones received this week, we know that nothing of Silk kind ever equaled them. Words fail us for description, come and see them and you will acknowledge the justice of our enthusiasm.

Fine Wool Dress Goods.

Most beautiful than ever. Aligator suiting silk and French novelties, with all the changing colors of a Sultana's sunset, softly blending into one delightful tint. Epingleines with tiny threads of silk in contrasting color, lighting up the dark ground like the smile on the face, one thought plain in repose.

New Gloves.

New Spring shades in Ladies' Bairritz Kid Gloves in Navy, Green, Brown Tan, &c. A beautiful line of two tone gloves with large Button to match. Stitching on back, they will please you.

Novelties.

Never in the history of this city has such a grand collection of Foreign and Domestic Novelties been shown under one roof. In Hosiery, we have all the new and leading shades. Embroideries have never been half so accurate, and by the way, prices are lower this season than ever. Fans and Parasols are simply superb.

Black Goods.

We show the grandest line to be found anywhere. All the new weaves, Whip Cords, Tiny Dotted, Epingleines and Lophophore, Serges, &c.

Shoes.

We have added largely to our present stock, and now show a beautiful line of Oxfords and all styles and widths. We can save you some money in this Department.

RICHARDS, KLEIN & CO.

John B. Castleman, A. G. Laughman

Barbee & Castleman,

MANAGERS OF THE

ROYAL

Insurance Company.

AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE NORTH

The largest business in Louisville. The largest in Kentucky. The largest business in the South.

OFFICE IN "The Commerce," LOUISVILLE, KY. Hopkinsville Agents, GAINETT & MOORE.

DR. KING'S ROYAL GERMETUER

SPRING IS ON US.

The time of year when all people become generally run down, the blood gets in bad condition and the system out of fit.

YOU NEED A TONIC.

Better than Best, Wine and Iron, Beer, Etc., is the great blood purifier and general restorer.

DR. KING'S ROYAL GERMETUER

It will straighten you out, it makes no mistakes, it always gives satisfaction.

Pleasant as Lemonade.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY KING'S ROYAL GERMETUER CO. ATLANTA, GA.

"Take Dr. King's Germetuer Pills for the Liver and Constipation—50 pills in box, price, 25 cents."

DR. KING'S ROYAL GERMETUER

WHISKEY

HARNESS AND SADDLERY. No. 8 Ninth St.